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Vergiliana Mariae Publice.

THE SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

A SPECIMEN OF A NEW TRANSLATION

IN BLANK VERSE

BY

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P R E F A C E.



IN UNDERTAKING a new translation of the *Æneid* into English verse, I am desirous of submitting this specimen, in the first instance, to a limited number of competent judges, whose opinion, if I am so favoured as to obtain it, may guide me in the further prosecution of the work. I shall therefore feel very grateful for criticisms and suggestions — the more frankly expressed the more acceptable — from any persons into whose hands these pages may come. I shall thus be enabled to judge whether my conception of the work, and the style in which I have commenced it, are such as approve themselves to those who are best qualified to pronounce an opinion; and I shall learn, in case I should be encouraged to proceed with my task, what sort of errors I am most liable to fall into, and what deficiencies I should endeavour to remedy in the future.

Every one who attempts to render a poem from another language into his own must encounter at the outset the difficulty of deciding between the obligation of faithfulness to the original which the office of a

translator involves, and the indulgence of that freedom which appears necessary to impart ease and naturalness to his own composition. Since, however, an adherence to absolute literalness—the strict observance of the *verbum verbo reddere* principle—must, if not impracticable, be fatal to poetical effect, the question becomes one of *degree*, and is variously solved by each translator according to his own idea of what is fitting and attainable. Of the many translations of the classical poets which have appeared within the present generation, I venture to think that the accomplished authors have in more instances erred in the adoption of a too rigid rule than the reverse. It requires a very rare combination of gifts to maintain throughout a long work (and not in isolated passages only) a standard of close literalness without sinking into a style which to English readers, especially if unacquainted with the original, will appear bald, stiff, and unidiomatic. Any metrical translation which is signally deficient in ease, in harmony, or spirit, however it may be applauded by scholars as a feat of ingenuity, will surely incur the fate of being rejected with distaste, and pronounced by the bulk of even cultivated persons, unreadable. The production of a work which incurs this sentence, whatever merit on the score of skill and accuracy it may justly claim, is a misapplication of labour. Even those translators who have assumed for themselves the widest licence, and have indulged most freely in the liberty of omis-

sion and interpolation, yet, if they have succeeded in imparting the native graces of style to their own composition, have acquired more favour and taken more lasting hold of the public mind than those who, at the sacrifice of ease and vivacity, have adhered painfully to the original. Confessedly unlike as is Pope's Iliad to the Iliad of Homer, it is, and probably will always be, preferred by English readers to the scrupulously faithful version of Cowper.

The above remarks may possibly be suspected of a design to convey a prefatory excuse on my own part for some conscious infidelity to the obligations of a translator, a fault which in my case would be very poorly compensated by any countervailing merits. I have only to say, that if my version should be considered to show too much laxity in deviating from the original, I shall bow with deference to that judgment, and shall endeavour, as far as in me lies, to correct the error both by a revision of the specimen now printed, and (if I should proceed further) in the remainder of the work. But, with the sense which I entertain of the exquisite gracefulness and stateliness of Virgil, 'the most elegant of poets,' it was impossible for me not to *aim* at least—to whatever extent I might fail in the execution—to transfuse into an English version some faint semblance of the manner and spirit of the original. The highest excellence of a translation I should conceive to be that, while reflecting all that is really material and significant in the thought and

expression, it should, as far as possible, 'read like an original,' and, above all, should represent the *manner* of the author, in the same way as a skilful portrait-painter is able to convey the very living expression and character of a countenance which the literal accuracy of photography will wholly fail to reproduce. Having thus stated my ideal, it only remains for me to regret the inevitable defectiveness of the execution.

One word only in addition as to the metre. I have adopted blank verse as that which, in my judgment, conforms itself better than any other to the flow of the original, gives ampler scope for the variety, and is the worthiest vehicle for the dignity, of Virgil's style. I am confirmed in this preference by an opinion intimated, though he did not himself act upon it, by that very accomplished Virgilian scholar, Professor Conington, to whose excellent edition of the original and his valuable commentary I have been greatly indebted.

G. K. R.

11 CLEVELAND GARDENS, HYDE PARK:

July, 1869.

Æ N E I D .

BOOK II

ÆNEID, BOOK II.

HUSHED was each voice, attentive every ear,
 When from his stately couch the Dardan chief
 Began : ‘Thy mandate, gracious queen, revives
 The memory of a grief too great for words ;
 How Ilium fell, by Grecian arts o’erthrown,
 And closed in blood her lamentable reign :—
 A tragic scene, in which I played some part,
 And witnessed all its woes. Such tale, methinks,
 Nor Myrmidon, nor rude Thessalia’s sons,
 Nor soldier of th’ obdurate Ithacan,
 Could hear unmoved. Already wanes the night,
 And setting stars admonish to repose ;
 But since, by pity stirred, such strong desire
 Moves thee to learn the woeful end of Troy
 (Though shuddering at the thought of horrors past
 My soul recoils), this brief recital hear.

10

‘Worn with their long campaign, and foiled by Fate,
 Th’ Achæan chiefs, by Pallas taught their skill,
 Construct a giant Horse, with ribs of pine
 Compact ; like mountain towering to the skies :
 “A votive offering for their safe return.”

20

So Rumour spoke, and men believed the tale :
 But secretly within the hollowed sides
 A chosen band is couched, equipped for fight,
 A legion pent in that capacious womb.

‘In sight of Trojan shores lies Tenedos,
 An isle of prosperous fame in Priam’s days,

AENEIDOS, LIBER II.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto :

Infandum, Regina, iubes renovare dolorem,
Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï ; quaeque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulixi
Temperet a lacrimis ? et iam nox humida caelo
Praecipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros 10
Et breviter Troiae supremum audire laborem,
Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,
Incipiam.

Fracti bello fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaum, tot iam labentibus annis,
Instar montis equum divina Palladis arte
Aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas ;
Votum pro reditu simulant ; ea fama vagatur.
Huc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim
Includunt caeco lateri, penitusque cavernas
Ingentes utrumque armato milite complent. 20

Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,

A lonely creek and treacherous roadstead now.
In that secluded bay, by night withdrawn,
The Grecian fleet lay screened ; we fondly thought 30
Their homeward sails for far Mycenæ bound.
Quit of her foes, the long-beleaguered town
Flings wide her gates ; the people, wild with joy,
Explore th' abandoned camp, and range the shore
Freed from invaders now : " There lay the ships,
Here pitched the fiery Myrmidon his tent,
There met the lines in action." Others viewed
In mute amaze Minerva's baneful gift,
The towering Horse ; and first Thymœtes urged
(Seduced by treason or by Fate inspired) 40
To hale the effigy within the gates,
And plant it in the citadel : but some
Whom Capys, wise of counsel, swayed, exhort
To burn th' insidious fabric where it stood,
Or hurl it in the sea, or with keen swords
To probe the secret and unmask the foe ;—
Alternate counsel sways th' inconstant crowd.

' A sudden concourse from the city speeds,
Laocoon at its head ; with hurried step
And voice of stern reproof, " Misguided men ! 50
He cries, " what frenzy blinds you, to suppose
The foe decamped ; their gifts without a snare ?
For guileless counsels is Ulysses known ?
Mark now my words—or foes are there concealed,
Or 'tis some engine framed to breach our walls,
O'ertop the citadel and storm the town :
Whate'er it means, 'tis treachery : men of Troy,
Trust not the Horse ; beware of gifts when Greeks
Turn givers." As he spoke, his well-poised spear
Full at the teeming monster's flank he hurled. 60
The shaft pierced deep and quivered in the side ;
Loud through the echoing caverns rung the sound :

Nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis ;
 Huc se provecti deserto in litore condunt.
 Nos abiisse rati et vento petiisse Mycenas.
 Ergo omnis longo solvit se Teucria luctu.
 Panduntur portae ; iuvat ire et Dorica castra
 Desertosque videre locos litusque relictum.
 Hic Dolopum manus, hic saevus tendebat Achilles ;
 Classibus hic locus ; hic acie certare solebant. 30
 Pars stupet innuptae donum exitiale Minervae
 Et molem mirantur equi ; primusque Thymoetes
 Duci intra muros hortatur et arce locari,
 Sive dolo, seu iam Troiae sic fata ferebant.
 At Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti,
 Aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona
 Praecipitare iubent, subiectisque urere flammis,
 Aut terebrare cavas uteri et tentare latebras.
 Scinditur incertum studia in contraria volgus.

Primus ibi ante omnes, magna comitante caterva, 40
 Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce,
 Et procul : O miseri, quae tanta insania, cives ?
 Creditis avectos hostes ? aut ulla putatis
 Dona carere dolis Danaum ? sic notus Ulixes ?
 Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi,
 Aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros
 Inspectura domos venturaque desuper urbi,
 Aut aliquis latet error ; equo ne credite, Teucri.
 Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.
 Sic fatus validis ingentem viribus hastam 50
 In latus inque feri curvam conpagibus alvum
 Contorsit. Stetit illa tremens, utroque recusso
 Insonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.

And, but for Fate perverse and warning spurned,
Our swords had laid the thin-veiled ambush bare ;
Firm to this hour had stood great Priam's throne,
Unscathed thy lofty towers, Imperial Troy !

‘ Now Phrygian herdsmen to the royal tent
A prisoner bring, his arms behind him bound ;
Caught by his own device—with deep-laid scheme
To yield our forts unguarded to the foe,

70

The stranger came : for either fate prepared,
His crafty purpose to achieve or die.
From far and near the Trojan youth flock round
To scan the captive's mien, and mock his woe :
Hear now the tale he brought, and from this type
Of shameless treachery judge of Grecian faith.

There as he stood unarmed within our lines,
And gazed around him on the hosts of Troy,
“ Alas ! ” he cried, “ what spot on land or sea,
What refuge on th' inhospitable earth

80

Is left for me, the outcast of my kind—
Whom Greeks in hate thrust from them, at whose life
The Dardan sword is aimed, athirst for blood ? ”

Touched by his piteous wail, we change our mood ;
Wrath to compassion yields : we bid him tell
His name, his race, the claim he pleads for life.

Thus, reassured at length, the captive spoke,
“ Whate'er betide, great King, no word untrue
Shall pass my lips ; nor seek I to disown
My Grecian birth : though Sinon be by Fate
Most wretched made, no power shall make him false.

90

It may be the renown hath reached thine ears
Of Palamedes, no inglorious name,
From Belus sprung, whom our Pelasgian chiefs,
Indignant that his voice opposed the war,
By process foul and evidence suborned,
To death condemned, now mourn, alas ! too late.

Et, si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset,
 Inpulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras,
 Troiaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta, maneres.

Ecce, manus iuvenem interea post terga revinctum
 Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant
 Dardanidae, qui se ignotum venientibus ultro,
 Hoc ipsum ut strueret Troiamque aperiret Achivis, 60
 Obtulerat, fidens animi, atque in utrumque paratus,
 Seu versare dolos, seu certae occumbere morti.
 Undique visendi studio Troiana iuventus
 Circumfusa ruit, certantque inludere capto.
 Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et crimine ab uno
 Disce omnes.

Namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis,
 Constitit atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit :
 Heu, quae nunc tellus, inquit, quae me aequora possunt
 Accipere ? aut quid iam misero mihi denique restat, 70
 Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
 Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt ?
 Quo gemitu conversi animi, compressus et omnis
 Impetus. Hortamur fari ; quo sanguine cretus,
 Quidve ferat, memoret, quae sit fiducia capto.
 [Ille haec, deposita tandem formidine, fatur :]

Cuncta equidem tibi, Rex, fuerit quodcumque, fatebor
 Vera, inquit ; neque me Argolica de gente negabo ;
 Hoc primum ; nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
 Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque inproba finget. 80
 Fando aliquod si forte tuas pervenit ad aures
 Belidae nomen Palamedis et incluta fama
 Gloria, quem falsa sub proditione Pelasgi
 Insontem infando indicio, quia bella vetabat,
 Demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent :

To him was I, a stripling, by my sire,
 Kinsman and comrade in this war consigned,
 While yet his power stood firm and influence high 100
 At council-board ; nor was my name unknown
 In honour's field. When to the envious hate
 Of that intriguing Ithacan my friend
 A victim fell (a story by report
 Too truly known), indignant at the wrong,
 I nursed my grief in solitude and shunned
 Their treacherous counsels ; but my heedless tongue
 Rash words, that earned me bitter hatred, spoke,
 And threats of vengeance for my murdered chief,
 Should Fate restore me to my Argive home. 110
 Hence all my troubles flowed ; Ulysses now,
 By foul aspersions working on my fears,
 Sowed broadcast evil hints, formed dark cabals ;—
 Nor sated yet his malice, till at last,
 With Calchas leagued——But why pursue this theme
 Revolting ? If ye count all Greeks as one,
 Alike abhorred, what need to hear me more ?
 Swift vengeance take—'twill please Ulysses much,
 And yield the sons of Atreus priceless joy."

' His feigned reluctance spurred us but the more 120
 To probe th' unsounded depths of Grecian guile.
 Much urged, his tale of falsehood he resumed :—
 " Long wished our chiefs, disheartened with the siege,
 To quit these hated shores and homeward steer ;
 And could my prayers have sped them, they had gone :
 But oft ere sails were set, tempestuous gales
 Rose in their teeth and chilled their souls with fear.
 Yet wilder raged the storm, convulsing heaven,
 When stood within their camp yon mystic Horse.
 Sent to consult the God, Eurypylus 130
 Brings from Apollo's fane this dread response :
 ' Blood of a Virgin slain appeased the winds

Illi me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum
 Pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis.
 Dum stabat regno incolumis regumque vigeat
 Consiliis, et nos aliquod nomenque decusque
 Gessimus. Invidia postquam pellacis Ulixi— 90
 Haud ignota loquor—superis concessit ab oris
 Adflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam,
 Et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.
 Nec tacui demens, et me, fors si qua tulisset,
 Si patrios umquam remeassem victor ad Argos,
 Promisi ultorem, et verbis odia aspera movi.
 Hinc mihi prima mali labes, hinc semper Ulixes
 Criminibus terrere novis, hinc spargere voces
 In volgum ambiguas, et quaerere conscius arma.
 Nec requievit enim, donec Calchante ministro— 100
 Sed quid ego haec autem nequiquam ingrata revolve ?
 Quidve moror, si omnes uno ordine habetis Achivos,
 Idque audire sat est ? Iamdudum sumite poenas ;
 Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridae.

Tum vero ardemus scitari et quaerere caussas,
 Ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgae.
 Prosequitur pavitans, et ficto pectore fatur :
 Saepe fugam Danaï Troia cupiere relicta
 Moliri et longo fessi discedere bello ;
 Fecissentque utinam ! saepe illos aspera ponti 110
 Interclusit hiemps, et terruit Auster euntes.
 Praecipue, cum iam hic trabibus contextus acernis
 Staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi.
 Suspensi Eurypylum scitatum oracula Phoebi
 Mittimus, isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat :
 ‘ Sanguine placastis ventos et virgine caesa,

When to these shores ye came ; with blood once more
 Win your return—a Grecian soul must die.
 All hearts were chilled with fear and dire suspense :
 What victim claimed the God ? what forfeit life
 Was doomed ? Ulysses 'mid the panic storm
 Leads Calchas forth, and bids the seer declare
 What means the oracle ; 'twas then my friends
 Forewarned me of the arch-deceiver's wiles, 140
 Or felt the dread their lips forbore to speak.
 Ten days the prophet, shrinking to pronounce
 The doom of death, refrained ; at last o'erruled
 By that fierce chief, the word concerted spoke,
 And me th' atoning sacrifice proclaimed.
 All welcomed this award : each gladly hailed
 The fate himself abhorred, reserved for me !
 The dreadful day drew near ; the fillet bands
 Were twined, the votive gifts prepared. I broke
 My bonds—why blush to tell ?—and fled for life. 150
 Couched in a sedgy swamp all night I lay,
 Till favouring breeze should fill their home-bound sails :
 And now my long-lost home, my sire thrice-loved,
 No more these eyes shall see, nor children dear,
 Whose unoffending heads must pay the debt
 Of hate unquenched, and expiate Sinon's crime.
 But thou, O king—if there be Powers on high
 That hear my words and witness to their truth—
 If faith yet finds a home with mortal men,
 Save one by sorrows tried and crushed with wrong." 160
 ' His recreant life was spared : good Priam's soul
 Melted with pity as he bade them loose
 The captive's bonds, and gracious words he spake :
 " Henceforth, though born a Greek, forget the name,
 Make Troy thy home ; but speak, I charge thee, true,
 What means yon giant Horse ? by whom designed ?
 Planned for what end, of piety or war ? "

Cum primum Iliacas, Danaï, venistis ad oras ;
 Sanguine quaerendi reditus, animaque litandum
 Argolica.' Volgi quae vox ut venit ad aures,
 Obstupuere animi, gelidusque per ima cucurrit 120
 Ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.
 Hic Ithacus vatem magno Calchanta tumultu
 Protrahit in medios ; quae sint ea numina divom,
 Flagitat. Et mihi iam multi crudele canebant
 Artificis scelus, et taciti ventura videbant.
 Bis quinos silet ille dies, tectusque recusat
 Prodere voce sua quemquam aut opponere morti.
 Vix tandem, magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,
 Conposito rumpit vocem, et me destinat arae.
 Adsensere omnes, et, quae sibi quisque timebat, 130
 Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.
 Iamque dies infanda aderat ; mihi sacra parari,
 Et salsae fruges, et circum tempora vittae ;
 Eripui, fateor, leto me, et vincula rupi,
 Limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva
 Delitui, dum vela darent, si forte dedissent.
 Nec mihi iam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,
 Nec dulces natos exoptatumque parentem ;
 Quos illi fors ad poenas ob nostra reposcent
 Effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt. 140
 Quod te per superos et conscia numina veri,
 Per, si qua est quae restat adhuc mortalibus usquam
 Intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum
 Tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.
 His lacrimis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro.
 Ipse viro primus manicas atque arta levare
 Vincula iubet Priamus, dictisque ita fatur amicis :
 Quisquis es, amissos hinc iam obliviscere Graios ;
 Noster eris, mihi haec edissere vera roganti :
 Quo molem hanc inmanis equi statuere ? quis auctor ? 150
 Quidve petunt ? quae religio ? aut quae machina belli ?

‘ Extending heavenward his unfettered arms,
The caitiff, steeped in native craft, replied :
“ Witness, ye everlasting fires of Heaven !
And Vesta, thou, inviolable name !
Ye altars that but now your victim craved,
Ye sacrificial bands that wreathed my brow !
No ties of race or country bind me more :
No law forbids their counsels to divulge,
And hate for hate return. Be ye but true
To me, as I to Troy—my life preserved
With loyal service shall o’erpay the boon.

‘ “ From first to last our Argive chiefs reposed
Their hopes of victory on Minerva’s aid :
But since with hands profane the impious pair,
The son of Tydeus with Ulysses leagued,
The dread Palladium ravished from her fane,
Its guardians foully slew, the hallowed bands
And emblems of the virgin Goddess soiled
With gory hands, thenceforth the might of Greece
Declined, their spirit fell ; the Maid Divine
Smiled on their cause no more. Her wrath displayed
No dubious portents : placed within the camp,
The effigy with fiery eyeballs glared ;
Sweat trickled from the limbs, thrice from the ground
The indignant Goddess sprang and clashed her arms.
Then Calchas, versed in auguries, declares
That never should the towers of Troy be razed
By Grecian arms till, ocean crossed once more,
Our baffled host at Argive shrines should seek
New omens, and with favouring Gods return.
Then doubt not now their fleet to Hellas sailed,
With prows reversed, and strength renewed, ere long
To startle Troy. Meanwhile this votive Horse,
To Pallas dedicate, their hands have raised
In expiation of her rifled fane ;

Dixerat. Ille, dolis instructus et arte Pelasga,
 Sustulit exutas vinclis ad sidera palmas:
 Vos, aeterni ignes, et non violabile Vestæ
 Testor numen, ait, vos arae ensesque nefandi,
 Quos fugi, vittaeque deum, quas hostia gessi:
 Fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere iura,
 Fas odisse viros, atque omnia ferre sub auras,
 Si qua tegunt; teneor patriae nec legibus ullis.
 Tu modo promissis maneas, servataque serves
 Troia fidem, si vera feram, si magna rependam.

160

Omnis spes Danaum et coepti fiducia belli
 Palladis auxiliis semper stetit. Impius ex quo
 Tydides sed enim scelerumque inventor Ulixes,
 Fatale adgressi sacrato avellere templo
 Palladium, caesis summae custodibus arcis,
 Corripuere sacram effigiem, manibusque cruentis
 Virgineas ausi divae contingere vittas,
 Ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri
 Spes Danaum, fractae vires, aversa deae mens.
 Nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstris.
 Vix positum castris simulacrum: arsere coruscae
 Luminibus flammae arrectis, salsusque per artus
 Sudor iit, terque ipsa solo—mirabile dictu—
 Emicuit, parmamque ferens hastamque trementem.
 Extemplo tentanda fuga canit aequora Calchas,
 Nec posse Argolicis excindi Pergama telis,
 Omina ni repetant Argis, numenque reducant,
 Quod pelago et curvis secum avexere carinis.
 Et nunc, quod patrias vento petiere Mycenae,
 Arma deosque parant comites, pelagoque remenso
 Inprovisi aderunt. Ita digerit omina Calchas.
 Hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso
 Effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret.

170

180

Thus vast in stature and in bulk designed,
Lest, dragged within your gates, it shield the town ;
For thus the Seer declared : If impious hands
Profane the hallowed gift, disastrous doom
(Which Heaven forefend !) on Priam's realm shall fall :
But, once within your walls the image placed,
The curse on us recoils, and Asia leagued
'Gainst Pelop's walls shall turn the tide of war." 210

‘ Such arts prevailed ; the perjured traitor's wiles
A victory gained which arms had never won,
Not Diomed, nor Phthia's mighty chief,
Ten years of siege or fleet of thousand sails !

‘ But now a prodigy of import dread,
With harrowing sight appals th' unthinking crowd ;
Laocoon, Neptune's Priest, by lot assigned,
Was offering to his God a lusty steer,
When o'er the ocean surface borne were seen
Two serpents, huge in bulk, of hideous form : 220
Breasting the waves, from Tenedos they came
Trailing along the deep their sinuous length,
While high their fiery-crested fronts they reared.
Now through the curdling surf they plunge ashore,
Flashing the terrors of their blood-red eyes,
And dripping venom from their quivering tongues.
All fled dismayed. They for the altar make,
Where stands Laocoon : first, with supple folds,
Clasping the writhing forms of his twin sons,
They grind the tender limbs ; then round the sire, 230
Struggling to free his darlings from their grasp,
Their knotted bands they wind, about his waist
Twice wrapped and doubly circling round his neck,
While o'er his head their hissing throats they heave.

Hanc tamen inmensam Calchas attollere molem
 Roboribus textis caeloque educere iussit,
 Ne recipi portis, aut duci in moenia posset,
 Neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri.
 Nam si vestra manus violasset dona Minervae,
 Tum magnum exitium—quod di prius omen in ipsum 190
 Convertant !—Priami inperio Phrygibusque futurum ;
 Sin manibus vestris vestram ascendisset in urbem,
 Ultro Asiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello
 Venturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.

Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinonis
 Credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis,
 Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissaeus Achilles,
 Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.

Hic aliud maius miseris multoque tremendum
 Obiicitur magis, atque inprovida pectora turbat. 200
 Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,
 Sollemnes taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.
 Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta—
 Horresco referens—inmensis orbibus angues
 Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt ;
 Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta iubaeque
 Sanguineae superant undas ; pars cetera pontum
 Pone legit sinuatque inmensa volumine terga ;
 Fit sonitus spumante salo. Iamque arva tenebant,
 Ardentesque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni, 210
 Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.

Diffugimus visu exsanguis. Illi agmine certo
 Laocoonta petunt ; et primum parva duorum
 Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
 Implicat et miseros morsu depascitur artus ;
 Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem,
 Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus ; et iam
 Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
 Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.

Vainly he strives with blood-besprinkled hands
 To rend the scaly links that gird him round,
 Piercing the air with shrieks like maddened ox
 Grazed by the stroke of glancing axe ill-aimed
 At altar side. Their deadly errand done,
 Swift to the Temple's roof the monsters glide 240
 Where Pallas sits ; there round the image coiled,
 Beneath her ample ægis make their lair.

' All hearts are thrilled with terror ; all declare
 Laocoon by presumptuous crime had earned
 His awful doom, since his ill-omened lance
 Had pierced the mystic Horse, to Pallas vowed.
 To draw within the town that image dread,
 And Heaven's just wrath appease, was now the cry.
 All lend a willing hand ; they breach the walls,
 And clear a passage wide ; beneath the feet 250
 Huge rollers drive, and round the monster's neck
 The well-strained cable twine : pregnant with death,
 Th' unwieldy fabric totters through the breach ;
 Maidens and youths exulting pæans chant,
 And pluck the cords for joy ! Along the streets
 It glides, and beetles o'er the roofs of Troy.
 O Ilium, O my country ! dear to Heaven
 Of old, now doomed ! Thrice, ere it cleared the wall,
 Falt'ring the monster stood : thrice from within
 Smote on insensate ears the clang of arms. 260
 We, lost to thought, rush headlong on our fate,
 And in our fortress lodge the ambushed foe :
 Then poured Cassandra her prophetic strains,
 Lost on unheeding ears ; so Heaven ordained.
 Blind to the last, the Trojans deck their fanes
 With festal garlands, on the eve of doom.

' Night falls : her shadow droops o'er earth and sea,
 Shrouding the Grecian wiles ; the sons of Troy,

Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos, 220
 Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno,
 Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit :
 Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
 Taurus et incertam excussit cervice securim.
 At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones
 Effugiunt saevaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem,
 Sub pedibusque deae clipeique sub orbe teguntur.
 Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis
 Insinuat pavor, et scelus expendisse merentem
 Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspidē robur 230
 Laeserit et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam.
 Ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque divae
 Numina conclamant.
 Dividimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis.
 Accingunt omnes operi, pedibusque rotarum
 Subiiciunt lapsus, et stuppea vincula collo
 Intendunt. Scandit fatalis machina muros,
 Feta armis. Pueri circum innuptaeque puellae
 Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent.
 Illa subit, mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. 240
 O patria, o divom domus Ilium, et incluta bello
 Moenia Dardanidum ! quater ipso in limine portae
 Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere ;
 Instamus tamen inmemores caecique furore,
 Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce.
 Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris
 Ora, dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris.
 Nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset
 Ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem.

Vertitur interea caelum et ruit oceano Nox, 250
 Involvens umbra magna terramque polumque
 Myrmidonumque dolos ; fusi per moenia Teucrici

Through all the town dispersed, are sunk in sleep.
And now the hour had come ; the moon shone fair, 270
When, as the royal bark showed signal flame,
Freighted with all their host the Argive fleet
Stood out from Tenedos, for Dardan shores
On fatal voyage bound. Within the walls
False Sinon, favoured by malignant Gods,
The bolt withdraws, and from their lair sets free
The prisoned band of warriors. Forth they come,
Thessander, Sthenelus, Achilles' son
Fierce Pyrrhus, Acamas, and Thoas next,
Machaon, and Ulysses, dreadful name ! 280
With Menelaus and Epeüs keen
Whose brain devised the plot. By cords let down,
The chiefs surprise th' unwary town, in wine
And slumber steeped ; the sentries at their posts
They slay ; their comrades through the unclosed gates
Admit, and marshal their confederate bands.

'Twas in the early watches of the night,
When heaven-sent slumber lightens human care,
Methought great Hector's self beside my couch
Appeared—his aspect full of grief, his eyes 290
Suffused with tears—so looked he as of late
Dragged at the victor's chariot wheels, all stained
With dust, and dark with gore—his livid feet
Pierced with the cruel thongs. Ah me ! how changed
From that proud Hector who returned from fight
Clad in Achilles' spoils, or from the ships
Ablaze with brands his conquering arm had hurled.
Lo ! now his beard unkempt, his clotted hair,
And on his breast the scars of many a wound
In mortal combat round the walls endured. 300
Weeping I gazed, and words of anguish rose
Unbidden to my lips : " O light of Troy !
Hope of our race ! whence art thou ? why so long

Conticuere ; sopor fessos conplectitur artus.
 Et iam Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat
 A Tenedo, tacitae per amica silentia lunae
 Litora nota petens, flammās cum regia puppis
 Extulerat, fatisque deum defensūs iniquis
 Inclusos utero Danaos et pinea furtim
 Laxat claustra Sinon. Illos patefactus ad auras
 Reddit equus, laetique cavo se robore promunt 260
 Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces et dirus Ulixes,
 Demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque, Thoasque,
 Pelidesque Neoptolemus, primusque Machaon,
 Et Menelaus, et ipse doli fabricator Epeus.
 Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam ;
 Caeduntur vigiles, portisque patentibus omnes
 Accipiunt socios atque agmina conscia iungunt.

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
 Incipit et dono divom gratissima serpit.
 In somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector 270
 Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus,
 Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
 Pulvere, perque pedes traiectus lora tumentes.
 Hei mihi, qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo
 Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli,
 Vel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignis !
 Squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crines
 Volneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros
 Accepit patrios. Ultro flens ipse videbar
 Compellare virum et maestās expromere voces : 280
 O lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrum,
 Quae tantae tenuere morae ? quibus Hector ab oris

Delayed thy coming? Ah what travail sore,
What sad bereavement of thy comrades slain
Hath Ilium borne, impatient to behold
Her Hector, long desired, in arms once more.
But say, what foul despite thy gracious form
Hath thus defaced? what mean those ghastly wounds?"

'Here failed my speech: he to such aimless words 310
No answer deigned, but deeply groaning, "Fly,
Fly hence," he cried, "ere yet the surging flames
Arrest thee—all is lost—our walls admit
The foe—proud Ilium from her summit falls:
Troy and her princely race can ask no more:
Could arm of man have saved our sinking state,
That arm was mine! To thee thy country now
Commits—high trust—her tutelary Gods;
Bear with thee in thy flight those relics dear,
And in thy new-built Troy beyond the main 320
Restore their ruined fanes." With that, he snatched
From Vesta's shrine the unextinguished fire,
The fillet bands, and Effigy divine.

'Meanwhile a wildering roar of sounds confused
The city filled: though from the din retired
And screened with trees Anchises' mansion stood,
E'en there the uproar wild and clash of arms
Louder and louder came. From slumber roused,
I climbed the roof and strained my listening ears.
Such was the roar as when, by southern gales 330
Tempestuous fanned, devouring flame o'erruns
The billowy corn; or rain-swoln mountain stream
Lays some fair landscape waste, the cultured fields,
Fond hope of swains, despoils; th' uprooted trees
Sweeps down its torrent course: from distant height
Aghast the shepherd hears the tempest's wrack.
Disguise was needless now—the Grecian wiles
Told their own tale. Thy stately mansion first,

Exspectate venis? ut te post multa tuorum
 Funera, post varios hominumque urbisque labores
 Defessi aspicimus! quae caussa indigna serenos
 Foedavit voltus? aut cur haec volnera cerno?
 Ille nihil, nec me quaerentem vana moratur,
 Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens,
 Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis.
 Hostis habet muros; ruit alto a culmine Troia. 290
 Sat patriae Priamoque datum: si Pergama dextra
 Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent:
 Sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia Penatis:
 Hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere
 Magna, pererrato statues quae denique ponto.
 Sic ait, et manibus vittas Vestamque potentem
 Aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

Diverso interea miscentur moenia luctu,
 Et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis
 Anchisae domus arboribusque oblecta recessit, 300
 Claescent sonitus, armorumque ingruit horror.
 Excutior somno, et summi fastigia tecti
 Ascensu supero, atque arrectis auribus adsto:
 In segetem veluti cum flamma furentibus austris
 Incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens
 Sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores,
 Praecipitesque trahit silvas, stupet inscius alto
 Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.
 Tum vero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt
 Insidiae. Iam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam 310

Deiphobus, the wasting flames laid low,
Thine next, Ucalegon—the glistening waves 340
Beyond Sigeum's cape threw back the glare.
Then rose the battle-shout and trumpet's bray :
I seize my arms, but my distracted brain
No counsel yields : perchance a trusty band
To rally and hold out the citadel
Might yet avail :—but frenzy sways my mind
Irresolute : anon the thought recurs,
'Twere glorious end to die a soldier's death.

'Lo ! Pantheus, scarce escaped the Grecian spears,
The son of Othrys and Apollo's Priest, 350
His unshrined Gods and sacred vessels bears,
His youthful grandchild clinging to his side,
And rushes, wild with terror, to my gate.
"Ho ! Pantheus," I exclaim, "how fares the cause ?
What stronghold seize we now ?" He with deep sigh
Replies, "Alas ! my friend, the end is come,
The hour of Troy's inevitable doom.
No country now is ours, no common name :
Our race, our glories, live but in the past.
Remorseless Jove to Greece transfers the sway, 360
The Argive lords it in our blazing streets.
Towering aloft the accurséd Horse pours forth
His warrior brood, while glorying in his wiles
False Sinon deals the fiery brands around.

Such hosts Mycenæ never sent to war
As throng our unclosed gates—the streets are barred
With serried foes—a rampart of bright steel
Glistens with sword-points fixed—amid the gloom
Surprised our sentries scarce make feint to fight."

'Such tidings Pantheus in his terror gave : 370
Fired at his words, and by some Fury driven,
I plunged amid the fray where fiercest shrieks
Of Discord rose, and Havoc deadliest raged.

Volcano superante domus, iam proximus ardet
 Ucalegon ; Sigea igni freta lata relucent.
 Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.
 Arma amens capio ; nec sat rationis in armis ;
 Sed glomerare manum bello et concurrere in arcem
 Cum sociis ardent animi ; furor iraque mentem
 Praecipitant, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.

Ecce autem telis Panthus elapsus Achivom,
 Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos,
 Sacra manu victosque deos parvumque nepotem 320
 Ipse trahit, cursuque amens ad limina tendit.
 Quo res summa loco, Panthu ? quam prendimus arcem ?
 Vix ea fatus eram, gemitu cum talia reddit :
 Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
 Dardaniae. Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
 Gloria Teucrorum ; feros omnia Iuppiter Argos
 Transtulit : incensa Danai dominantur in urbe.
 Arduus armatos mediis in moenibus adstans
 Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet
 Insultans. Portis alii bipatentibus adsunt, 330
 Millia quot magnis nunquam venere Mycenis ;
 Obsedere alii telis angusta viarum
 Oppositi ; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco
 Stricta, parata neci ; vix primi proelia temptant
 Portarum vigiles, et caeco Marte resistunt.
 Talibus Othryadae dictis et numine divom
 In flammas et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys,
 Quo fremitus vocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor.

First, as it chanced, the moon's uncertain light
Brought Ripheus to my side, and Epytus
For feats of war renowned ; next Hypanis
With Dymas joined, and Mygdon's gallant son
Choræbus : he, distracted with the love
Of young Cassandra, to King Priam's aid
For her dear sake his well-armed succours led. 380
O that the plighted maid's ecstatic strains
Had warned him of his doom ! When now I marked
These generous youths in courage unsubdued,
" Brave friends," I cried, " but brave in vain ; if yet
Ye dare to follow one who dares the worst,
Mark in what plight we stand. The powers Divine,
Erewhile our empire's strength, forsake their shrines ;
Our city sunk in ashes, all is lost :
Then charge yon foemen's ranks and die for Troy—
Who cease to hope find courage in despair." 390

‘ My words inspired new ardour : fierce as wolves
Whom Hunger's pangs at nightfall drive abroad,
Or quest of plunder for their ravening whelps,
’Mid sword and flame, each step confronting death,
We scour the town ; deep gloom o’ershadows all.
The carnage and the horrors of that night
What tongue can tell, what flood of tears bewail ?
Reft of her ancient state a city falls,
Her streets, her ravished homes, her hallowed fanes
Choked with the corpses of unnumbered slain. 400
Nor Troy alone the brunt of battle bears,
Her vanquished sons take heart awhile, and Greeks
Fall in their turn—on every side is death
In myriad forms, and anguish and dismay.

‘ Androgeos, captain of a Grecian band,
First, in the gloom encountering, deems us friends,
And not ungently chides—" On, laggards, on !
Why linger thus ? your comrades, more alert,

Addunt se socios Rhipeus et maxumus armis
 Epytus, oblatis per lunam, Hypanisque Dymasque, 340
 Et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuvenisque Coroebus,
 Mygdonides. Illis ad Troiam forte diebus
 Venerat, insano Cassandrae incensus amore,
 Et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat,
 Infelix, qui non sponsae praecepta furentis
 Audierit.

Quos ubi confertos audere in proelia vidi,
 Incipio super his : Iuvenes, fortissima frustra
 Pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido
 Certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna videtis : 350
 Excessere omnes, adytis arisque relictis,
 Di, quibus inperium hoc steterat ; succurritis urbi
 Incensae ; moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.
 Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.
 Sic animis iuvenum furor additus. Inde, lupi ceu
 Raptores atra in nebula, quos improba ventris
 Exegit caecos rabies, catulique relictis
 Faucibus exspectant siccis, per tela, per hostes
 Vadimus haud dubiam in mortem, mediaeque tenemus
 Urbis iter ; nox atra cava circumvolat umbra. 360
 Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
 Explicit, aut possit lacrimis aequare labores ?
 Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos ;
 Plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
 Corpora perque domos et religiosa deorum
 Limina. Nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucri ;
 Quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus
 Victoresque cadunt Danaï. Crudelis ubique
 Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.

Primus se, Danaum magna comitante caterva, 370
 Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens
 Inscius, atque ultro verbis compellat amicis :
 Festinate, viri. Nam quae tam sera moratur

Already rack and strip the burning town ;
Ye from your ships thus slowly wend." He spoke, 410
And in a moment, meeting scant response,
Knew us for foes : at once his step was stayed,
His voice was dumb. As traveller in the brake
Treads on the couching serpent unawares,
And back recoils affrighted as he marks
The monster's turgid throat and eyes of flame ;
So the swift Greeks sprang back, but all too late ;
Hemmed in, bewildered in the tangling maze
Of unknown paths, they fall an easy prey :
On our first venture treacherous Fortune smiles. 420
Cheered with un hoped success, Choræbus cries,
" Where Fortune points the way 'tis wisdom's part
To follow in her track : exchange we now
Our Trojan armour with the fallen foe,
And mask us in his spoils ! the battle o'er,
Who asks if craft or valour won the day ? "
This said, he seized the Greek's emblazoned shield,
Placed on his head the casque with nodding plume,
And girt the Argive falchion to his side ;
Next Dymas, Ripheus, and their comrades all 430
Assume the garb and emblems of the foe :
Then mingling with the Greeks we range the town,
And, favoured by the night, in many a fray
Victorious lay th' invaders in the dust—
Some wait not combat, but with panic seized
Fly to their ships : a coward few remount
The sheltering Horse, and couch them in his womb.
‘ Ah ! bootless brief success, unblest of Heaven !
Lo ! with dishevelled hair and frantic mien
Cassandra, from the tutelary shrine 440
Of Pallas dragged a captive, lifts in vain
Her flashing eyes to Heaven ;—her tender hands
By bonds confined. Infuriate at the sight,

Segnities? alii rapiunt incensa feruntque
 Pergama; vos celsis nunc primum a navibus itis.
 Dixit, ex extemplo, neque enim responsa dabantur
 Fida satis, sensit medios delapsus in hostes.
 Obstipuit, retroque pedem cum voce repressit.
 Inprovisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem
 Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit 380
 Attollentem iras et caerula colla tumentem;
 Haud secus Androgeos visu tremefactus abibat.
 Inruimus, densis et circumfundimur armis,
 Ignarosque loci passim et formidine captos
 Sternimus. Adspirat primo fortuna labori.
 Atque hic successu exsultans animisque Coroebus,
 O socii, qua prima, inquit, fortuna salutis
 Monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur:
 Mutemus clipeos, Danaumque insignia nobis
 Aptemus. Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat? 390
 Arma dabunt ipsi. Sic fatus, deinde comantem
 Androgei galeam clipeique insigne decorum
 Induitur, laterique Argivum adcommodat ensem.
 Hoc Rhipeus, hoc ipse Dymas omnisque iuventus
 Laeta facit; spoliis se quisque recentibus armat.
 Vadimus inmixti Danais haud numine nostro,
 Multaque per caecam congressi proelia noctem
 Conserimus, multos Danaum demittimus Orco.
 Diffugiunt alii ad naves, et litora cursu
 Fida petunt: pars ingentem formidine turpi 400
 Scandunt rursus equum et nota conduntur in alvo.

Heu nihil invitis fas quemquam fidere divis!
 Ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo
 Crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Minervae,
 Ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,
 Lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.

Choræbus singly 'gainst a host in arms
Rushed to his certain fate : reckless alike
We follow, hemmed around with serried foes.

‘ And now our borrowed guise disaster brings :
Our friends, in turn deceived, on our thinned ranks
From temple roofs pour down a murderous hail
Of Dardan spears. Meanwhile the Argive chiefs— 450
Fired at the rescue of their virgin prize,
Ajax the bold, the sons of Atreus twain,
With all the fierce Dolopian infantry,
Join in one furious charge their severed bands :
As when the four strong winds of Heaven unchained
With warring blasts encounter in mid air,
The creaking forests reel, the Sea God roused
With his forked sceptre stirs the depths profound,
And churns the waves to foam. A crowd of foes,
Whom in the darkness our deceitful arms 460
Had scattered, rally now ;—at once detect
Our ensigns feigned and tones unlike their own.
By numbers crushed we yield : Choræbus first
By strong Peneleus felled, the altar near
Of Pallas, Warrior Goddess, breathes his last ;
Next Ripheus falls, of all the sons of Troy
Most upright he—of faith inflexible—
But Heaven so willed ! then Dymas, pierced by friends,
And Hypanis ; nor could the blameless life
Of Pantheus nor Apollo’s mitre save 470
His sacred head. Witness, ye dying fires
Of Troy, ye ashes of her heroes slain,
In that last conflict from no foe I quailed,
No danger shunned : had Fate decreed my fall,
My deeds had earned me no inglorious end.
Chance now divides our little band : with me
Went Iphitus, a warrior weak from age,
And Pelias from the wound Ulysses gave.

Non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coroebus,
 Et sese medium iniecit periturus in agmen.
 Consequimur cuncti et densis incurrimus armis.
 Hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis 410
 Nostrorum obruimur, oriturque miserrima caedes
 Armorum facie et Graiarum errore iubarum.
 Tum Danaï gemitu atque ereptae virginis ira
 Undique collecti invadunt, acerrimus Ajax,
 Et gemini Atridæ, Dolopumque exercitus omnis ;
 Adversi rupto ceu quodam turbine venti
 Confligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et laetus Eois
 Euris equis ; stridunt silvae, saevitque tridenti
 Spumeus atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo.
 Illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbram 420
 Fudimus insidiis totaque agitavimus urbe,
 Adparent ; primi clipeos mentitaque tela
 Adgnoscent, atque ora sono discordia signant.
 Illicet obruimur numero ; primusque Coroebus
 Penelei dextra divae armipotentis ad aram
 Procumbit ; cadit et Rhipeus, iustissimus unus
 Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi ;
 Dis aliter visum ; pereunt Hypanisque Dymasque
 Confixi a sociis ; nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
 Labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula textit. 430
 Iliaci cineres et flamma extrema meorum,
 Testor, in occasu vestro nec tela nec ullas
 Vitavisse vices Danaum, et, si fata fuissent,
 Ut caderem, meruisse manu. Divellimur inde,
 Iphitus et Pelias mecum, quorum Iphitus aevo
 Iam gravior, Pelias et volnere tardus Ulixi ;

Soon deafening shouts to Priam's mansion call ;
So furious there the fray, you well might deem 480
The din of battle and the waste of life
To that one spot confined. To mount the wall
With scaling-ladders fixed th' assailants swarm,
While the huge engine, tortoise-shaped, blockades
The portal ; step by step th' invading crew
Press upward ; with one hand the sheltering targe
Uphold, the other grasps the battlement.
Hard pressed, the Dardan champions from above
Hurl turrets huge and roof-trees on the foe :
The gilded cornice and the sculptured frieze, 490
Pride of ancestral homes, yield weapons now
To desperate men in dire extremity
Of life or death ; beneath, a chosen band
With falchions bared defend the postern gate.
Our hearts beat high to save th' imperial dome
From rapine, and revive our drooping friends.

‘ Within the palace bounds, a wicket screened
From view gave covert access through the courts
Of that vast pile, by which, in happier days,
Andromache would bear her infant son 500
Astyanax to his fond grandsire's arms.
From thence I climbed the roof, whence few and faint
The Trojans straggling darts at random threw.
Skirting the roof a lofty watch-tower rose
Sheer to the sky, whence all the plain of Troy,
The Grecian camp, and anchored fleet beyond,
Lay like a map outstretched : with weapon's point,
Inserted where the loosened tiers give room,
A breach is made ; the turret, rent and torn,
In instantaneous ruin topples down, 510
Crushing a host beneath : still, as they fall
New swarms press on, nor fails a moment's space
The ceaseless rain of javelin, brand, and spear.

Protinus ad sedes Priami clamore vocati.
 Hic vero ingentem pugnam, ceu cetera nusquam
 Bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe,
 Sic Martem indomitum, Danaosque ad tecta ruentis 440
 Cernimus obsessumque acta testudine limen.
 Haerent parietibus scalae, postesque sub ipsos
 Nituntur gradibus, clipeosque ad tela sinistris
 Protecti obiiiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris.
 Dardanidae contra turres ac tecta domorum
 Culmina convellunt; his se, quando ultima cernunt,
 Extrema iam in morte parant defendere telis;
 Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum,
 Devolvunt; alii strictis mucronibus imas
 Obsedere fores; has servant agmine denso. 450
 Instaurati animi, regis succurrere tectis,
 Auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis.

Limen erat caecaeque fores et pervius usus
 Tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relict
 A tergo, infelix qua se, dum regna manebant,
 Saepius Andromache ferre incommitata solebat
 Ad soceros, et avo puerum Astyanacta trahebat.
 Evado ad summi fastigia culminis, unde
 Tela manu miseri iactabant inrita Teucri.
 Turrim in praecipiti stantem summisque sub astra 460
 Eductam tectis, unde omnis Troia videri
 Et Danaum solitae naves et Achaica castra,
 Adgressi ferro circum, qua summa labantes
 Iuncturas tabulata dabant, convellimus altis
 Sedibus, inpulimusque; ea lapsa repente ruinam
 Cum sonitu trahit et Danaum super agmina late
 Incidit. Ast alii subeunt, nec saxa, nec ullum
 Telorum interea cessat genus.

‘Lo ! Pyrrhus at the gates with conquest flushed,
Radiant in burnished mail ; as crested snake
That, with rank herbage bloated, in the earth
Lay couched and torpid all the winter long ;
Warmed to new life, his scaly raiment purged,
Suns in the mid-day beam his glistening coils
With crest erect, and darts his arrowy tongue. 520
Automedon, well trained in battle field
To guide Achilles’ car, huge Periphas,
And all the Scyrian youth, with flaming brands
Assail the palace roof : the chief himself
With ponderous axe the massive portal cleaves.
Crushed by redoubled strokes, the solid oak
Yields a wide fissure : to rude gaze exposed
Lies Priam’s princely home, the stately courts
Of Dardan kings of old : across the breach
Grim warriors, ranged in line, confront their foes. 530

‘Within is tumult all and dire dismay,
And women’s agonising shrieks that pierce
The skies and through the vaulted chambers ring ;
Pale mothers run distracted to and fro,
Clutching the pillars with delirious grasp.
To Pyrrhus all gives way, nor barriers strong
Nor stalwart arms arrest him ; like his sire
In aspect as in might : to giant stroke,
Unhinged and battered, yields the mighty door.
Sheer force of arm prevails : the barrier burst, 540
The sentries slain, the Grecian host pours in
Resistless as a stream, whose force unpent
Sweeps pile and mound away, and o’er the plain
Bursts in a flood, engulfing flocks and folds.
Within the threshold with these eyes I saw
Fell Pyrrhus revelling in the gory fray,
Saw both the hated chiefs of Atreus’ line,
Saw Hecuba with all her weeping train,

Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus
 Exsultat, telis et luce coruscus aena ; 470
 Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
 Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
 Nunc, positis novus exuviis nitidusque iuventa,
 Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
 Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.
 Una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achilles,
 Armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes
 Succedunt tecto, et flammas ad culmina iactant.
 Ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni
 Limina perrumpit, postesque a cardine vellit 480
 Aeratos ; iamque excisa trabe firma cavavit
 Robora, et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.
 Adparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt ;
 Adparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum,
 Armatosque vident stantes in limine primo.

At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu
 Miscetur, penitusque cavae plangoribus aedes
 Femineis ululant ; ferit aurea sidera clamor.
 Tum pavidæ tectis matres ingentibus errant,
 Amplexæque tenent postes atque oscula figunt. 490
 Instat vi patria Pyrrhus ; nec claustra, neque ipsi
 Custodes sufferre valent ; labat ariete crebro
 Ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.
 Fit via vi ; rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant
 Inmissi Danaï, et late loca milite conplent.
 Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
 Exiit oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
 Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes
 Cum stabulis armenta trahit. Vidi ipse furem
 Caede Neoptolemum geminosque in limine Atridas ; 500

Wives of a hundred sons ; and, saddest sight,
 The altar hallowed late by Priam's vows 550
 Now reeking with his blood. Beneath that roof
 Were fifty bridal chambers, promise fair
 For heirs of Dardan line ; the couches rich
 With gold and spoils barbaric, all despoiled :
 Fire and the Greek alternate ravage all.

‘ Hear now the piteous tale of Priam's end :
 Soon as he learns his captured city's fate,
 His palace stormed, the foemen in his halls,
 The aged chief arrays his trembling limbs—
 Ah ! bootless task—in armour long disused ; 560
 Grasps with weak clutch his unavailing sword,
 And sallies to the fight. An altar vast
 Within the precincts of the palace walls
 Stood open to the sky, and close beside
 An ancient bay-tree, with expanding shade,
 O'ercanopied the shrine. Here Hecuba
 With her fair daughters terror-stricken sat,
 Like flock of cowering doves by tempest scared,
 Claspings the statues of their country's Gods.
 Soon as the Queen her royal spouse beheld 570
 In panoply of arms arrayed, unmeet
 For reverend age, her anguish thus broke forth :
 “ What dire resolve is this ? what madness prompts
 To gird thee with these arms, unhappy lord !
 Not such the champion nor the strength we crave
 In hour of mortal need : 't were bootless now
 Though Hector's self, our loved and lost, were here !
 Yield now to me : this shrine shall guard us all
 In life or death—a refuge or a tomb.”

Thus Hecuba : submissive to her prayer, 580
 The king within the hallowed pale retires.

‘ But now Polites, child of Priam's age,
 Sore wounded by Achilles' vengeful son,

Vidi Hecubam centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras
 Sanguine foedantem, quos ipse sacraverat, ignes.
 Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
 Barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi,
 Procubuerunt ; tenent Danaï, qua deficit ignis.

Forsitan et, Priami fuerint quae fata, requiras.
 Urbis uti captae casum convolsaque vidit
 Limina tectorum et medium in penetralibus hostem,
 Arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo
 Circumdat nequiquam humeris, et inutile ferrum 510
 Cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostis.
 Aedibus in mediis nudoque sub aetheris axe
 Ingens ara fuit iuxtaque veterrima laurus,
 Incumbens arae atque umbra complexa Penatis.
 Hic Hecuba et natae nequiquam altaria circum,
 Praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae,
 Condensae et divom amplexae simulacra sedebant.
 Ipsum autem sumptis Priamum iuvenalibus armis
 Ut vidit, Quae mens tam dira, miserrime coniunx,
 Impulit his cingi telis ? aut quo ruis ? inquit. 520
 Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
 Tempus eget ; non, si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector.
 Huc tandem concede ; haec ara tuebitur omnes,
 Aut moriere simul. Sic ore effata recepit
 Ad sese et sacra longaeum in sede locavit.

Ecce autem elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,
 Unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostes

Flies, winged by terror, down the long *arceades*,
Darts through the vacant courts, and strains for life :
Him Pyrrhus with uplifted arm and spear
Pursues, in act to strike ; the goal just gained,
Even at his father's feet the unhappy boy
Exhausted sinks, and bathed in blood expires.
Th' indignant king, in agony of soul, 590
His life, his all at stake, yet felt no fear,
Nor curbed his righteous ire : " On thee," he cried,
" For this thy cruel and unnatural deed,
If justice dwells above, if Gods regard
Domestic sanctities, shall vengeance fall,
Inhuman ! who before a father's eyes,
Trampling on laws divine, couldst slay the son !
Unlike to thee, thy falsely-vaunted sire
Even in a foe could pity grief like mine :
Achilles revered a father's prayer, 600
Restored my Hector's loved remains, and me
Sent to my home unharmed." This said, the chief
Essay'd with nerveless arm his spear to fling ;
The fluttering shaft sped on, but made no dint,
And in the target's boss innocuous hung.
Then Pyrrhus, with insulting scorn : " Depart
Old man, and to my sire, in shades below,
Tell the ill deeds of his degenerate son.
Now meet thy fate." He seized the trembling prince,
Along the red and slippery pavement dragged 610
E'en to the altar's edge ; the left hand clutched
The hoary locks, the right as swiftly drew
The gleaming blade and plunged it in his heart.
Thus Priam fell, just spared to see the doom
Of burnt and ravaged Troy ; there, in the dust,
Once lord of Asia's wide and peopled realm,
A headless frame, a nameless trunk, he lies.
' Then speechless horror paralysed my soul.

Porticibus longis fugit, et vacua atria lustrat
 Saucius : illum ardens infesto vulnere Pyrrhus
 Insequitur, iam iamque manu tenet et premit hasta : 530
 Ut tandem ante oculos evasit et ora parentum,
 Concidit, ac multo vitam cum sanguine fudit.
 Hic Priamus, quamquam in media iam morte tenetur,
 Non tamen abstinuit, nec voci iraeque pepercit :
 At tibi pro scelere, exclamat, pro talibus ausis,
 Di, si qua est caelo pietas, quae talia curet,
 Persolvant grates dignas et praemia reddant
 Debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum
 Fecisti et patrios foedasti funere voltus.
 At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles 540
 Talis in hoste fuit Priamo ; sed iura fidemque
 Supplicis erubuit, corpusque exsanguie sepulchro
 Reddidit Hectoreum, meque in mea regna remisit.
 Sic fatus senior, telumque inbelle sine ictu
 Coniecit, rauco quod protinus aere repulsum
 Et summo clipei nequiquam umbone pependit.
 Cui Pyrrhus : Referes ergo haec et nuntius ibis
 Pelidae genitori ; illi mea tristia facta
 Degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.
 Nunc morere. Hoc dicens altaria ad ipsa trementem 550
 Traxit et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati,
 Implicuitque comam laeva, dextraque coruscum
 Extulit ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensem.
 Haec finis Priami fatorum ; hic exitus illum
 Sorte tulit, Troiam incensam et prolapsa videntem
 Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
 Regnatorem Asiae. Iacet ingens litore truncus,
 Avolsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.

At me tum primum saevus circumstetit horror.

The murdered monarch's form recalled my sire
 In age, in grief the same : with him the thought 620
 Of loved Creusa and Ascanius came,
 Forlorn and helpless in their ravaged home.
 I gazed around me ; all were gone—the few
 Who late kept ward had sunk, with toil outworn,
 Leapt from the walls, or plunged amid the flames.

‘ Awhile I stood alone, when in the gloom
 Of Vesta's fane I spied a cowering form ;
 'Twas Helen : as she crept and peered around
 With timorous eyes, the city's fitful glare
 Threw light upon her : she with fear perplexed, 630
 Alternate of her injured husband's wrath,
 The Trojans' vengeance and the Argives' hate ;—
 To both th' accursèd source of ills untold,—
 Had fled for refuge to the altar's pale.
 Rage grew within me at the sight ; I longed
 To wreak upon her guilty head the wrongs
 Of my lost country. “ Shall this child of shame
 Flaunt with our captive daughters in her train,
 Through Sparta or Mycenæ, like a queen
 Flushed with the pride of conquest ? greet once more 640
 Home, consort, parents, kindred ? Unavenged
 Shall Priam fall, his city wrapt in flames,
 His soil distained with carnage ? No, by Heaven !
 For though such conquest o'er a woman won
 Scant honour yield, 't were no unworthy deed
 To execute stern justice on foul crime,
 To glut the thirst of vengeance, and appease
 The injured shades of friends beloved and slain.”

‘ Thus in the storm and frenzy of my thoughts
 Discoursing with myself I raved, when lo ! 650
 A luminous form athwart the darkness gleamed ;
 My Goddess-mother ! never seemed before
 So heavenly bright the vision : all divine

Obstupui ; subiit cari genitoris imago, 560
 Ut regem aequaevum crudeli volnere vidi
 Vitam exhalantem ; subiit deserta Creusa,
 Et direpta domus, et parvi casus Iuli.
 Respicio, et, quae sit me circum copia, lustro.
 Deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu
 Ad terram misere aut ignibus aegra dedere.

[Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae
 Servantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem
 Tyndarida aspicio : dant clara incendia lucem
 Erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. 570
 Illa sibi infestos eversa ob Pergama Teucros
 Et poenas Danaum et deserti coniugis iras
 Praemetuens, Troiae et patriae communis Erinys,
 Abdiderat sese atque aris invisa sedebat.
 Exarsere ignes animo ; subit ira cadentem
 Ulcisci patriam et sceleratas sumere poenas.
 Scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenae
 Aspiciet ? partoque ibit regina triumpho,
 Coniugiumque, domumque, patres, natosque videbit,
 Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris ? 580
 Occiderit ferro Priamus ? Troia arserit igni ?
 Dardanium toties sudarit sanguine litus ?
 Non ita. Namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen
 Feminea in poena est nec habet victoria laudem,
 Exstinxisse nefas tamen et sumpsisse merentis
 Laudabor poenas, animumque explesse iuvabit
 Ultricis flammae, et cineres satiassse meorum.
 Talia iactabam, et furiata mente ferebar,]
 Cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam
 Obtulit et pura per noctem in luce refulsit 590
 Alma parens, confessa deam, qualisque videri

In form and stature, as she moves on high,
 Among th' Olympian denizens. Her hand
 With soft constraint she laid on me, and spoke :
 " Ah ! why, my son, this transport of wild wrath ?
 Where now for me thy filial fond regard,
 So quickly flown ? unheeded hast thou left
 Thy aged sire, thy wife, thy helpless son ? 660
 If numbered with the living or the dead,
 Unknown to thee ; meanwhile the banded Greeks
 Swarm round them ; my protecting hand alone
 'Mid flame and sword preserves them yet unharmed.
 If Ilium sinks in dust, not Helen's form
 Abhorred, nor crime of Paris, but the Gods,
 The immortal Gods incensed, have wrought her fall.
 Lo ! for a space the film of vaporous cloud
 That dims thy mortal eyesight I remove :
 Thou to thy mother's counsels yield, nor aught 670
 She bids mistrust. Mark you those riven piles,
 Huge stones asunder torn, with dust and smoke
 Commingled ? Neptune there with trident armed
 The deep foundations heaves, and from its base
 The city rocks. Beside the Scæan Gate,
 With sword begirt, fell Juno from the ships
 New levies to the deadly onslaught calls :
 See—on the rampart's verge, a cloud-veiled form
 With Gorgon shield refulgent, Pallas sits ;
 Great Jove himself against yon towers incites 680
 The Gods, himself lends courage to the foe.
 Yield then, my son, and quit th' unequal strife,
 My care shall shield and guide thee to thy home."
 She spoke and vanished in the deepening shade—
 Terrific shapes appear : the Gods in arms
 Arrayed—the dread antagonists of Troy.
 ' Now rooted from its base, proud Ilium seemed
 To sink, a ruined pile, amid the flames ;

Caelicolis et quanta solet, dextraque prehensum
 Continuit, roseoque haec insuper addidit ore :
 Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras ?
 Quid furis ? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit ?
 Non prius aspicias, ubi fessum aetate parentem
 Liqueris Anchisen ? superet coniunxne Creusa,
 Ascaniusque puer ? quos omnes undique Graiae
 Circumerrant acies, et, ni mea cura resistat,
 Iam flammae tulerint inimicus et hauserit ensis. 600
 Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisâ Lacaenae
 Culpatusve Paris, divom inclementia, divom,
 Has evertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.
 Aspice—namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
 Mortalis hebetat visus tibi et humida circum
 Caligat, nubem eripiam ; tu ne qua parentis
 Iussa time, neu praeceptis parere recusa—
 Hic, ubi disiectas moles avolsaque saxis
 Saxa vides mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
 Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti 610
 Fundamenta quatit totamque a sedibus urbem
 Eruit. Hic Iuno Scaëas saevissima portas
 Prima tenet, sociumque furens a navibus agmen
 Ferro accincta vocat.
 Iam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas
 Insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeva.
 Ipse Pater Danaïs animos viresque secundas
 Sufficit, ipse deos in Dardana suscitât arma.
 Eripe, nate, fugam, finemque inpone labori.
 Nusquam abero, et tutum patrio te limine sistam. 620
 Dixerat, et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.
 Adparent dirae facies inimicaeque Troiae
 Numina magna deum.

Tum vero omne mihi visum considerare in ignes
 Ilium et ex imo verti Neptunia Troia ;

Like ancient mountain-ash on summit steep,
That woodmen striving with redoubled blows 690
Of echoing axe assail: the mighty stem
Bows to the storm awhile its leaf-crowned head
Impending to its fall; till, stroke by stroke
Asunder cleft, it sinks with parting groan,
And strews, a giant wreck, the mountain side.
Safe in my heavenly guardian's charge I pass
Uninjured through the thickest of the fight,
The flames give room, the darts are turned aside.

‘Now, reached at length my old ancestral home,
My sire; whom first my anxious soul desired 700
To bear for safety to some mountain hold,
Refuses to outlive his country's fall
Or tempt an exile's fate. “For you,” he cried,
“Whose pulses warmly beat, whose youthful limbs
Are braced with sinewy strength, 'tis well to seek
New homes beyond the main; had Heaven designed
To lengthen my brief span, its hand had spared
These ancient loved abodes: enough for me
That Troy once captured, I survived her fall:—
Let this suffice:—go, bid these poor remains 710
A solemn last farewell: the parting stroke
Myself will give: perchance the foe that spoils
Will pity too:—to lie unsepulchred
Afflicts not me, who many a lingering year
Endure the burthen of a life unblest,
Scathed by the lightning-blast of angry Jove.”

‘Thus deeply-rooted in his stern resolve
Anchises spoke; his weeping household all
With prayers and fond remonstrance strove to bend
His stubborn purpose, lest the fate he sought, 720
Unheedful of himself, should ruin all.
He stirs not nor relents. Incensed, I long
To fling me on the foe and end my woes,

Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
 Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
 Eruere agricolae certatim; illa usque minatur
 Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat,
 Volneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum 630
 Congemuit traxitque iugis avolsa ruinam.
 Descendo, ac ducente deo flammam inter et hostes
 Expedior; dant tela locum, flammaeque recedunt.

Atque ubi iam patriae perventum ad limina sedis
 Antiquasque domos, genitor, quem tollere in altos
 Optabam primum montes primumque petebam,
 Abnegat excisa vitam producere Troia
 Exsiliūque pati. Vos o, quibus integer aevi
 Sanguis, ait, solidaeque suo stant robore vires,
 Vos agitate fugam. 640
 Me si caelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,
 Has mihi servassent sedes. Satis una superque
 Vidimus exscidia et captae superavimus urbi.
 Sic o, sic positum adfati discedite corpus.
 Ipse manu mortem inveniam; miserebitur hostis
 Exuviasque petet; facilis iactura sepulchri.
 Iam pridem invisus divis et inutilis annos
 Demoror, ex quo me divom pater atque hominum rex
 Fulminis adflavit ventis et contigit igni.

Talia perstabat memorans, fixusque manebat. 650
 Nos contra effusi lacrimis coniunxque Creusa
 Ascaniusque omnisque domus, ne vertere secum
 Cuncta pater fatoque urgenti incumbere vellet.
 Abnegat, inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem.
 Rursus in arma feror, mortemque miserrimus opto,

Since counsel failed and fortune treacherous proved.
“Heard I aright, and couldst thou bid thy son
(O words unseemly for a father’s lips !)
To quit these shores and leave thee to thy fate ?
If Heaven’s high will of all that once was Troy
No remnant leaves, and thy resolve consigns
Home, children, kindred, to the common doom, 730
Have now thy wish fulfilled. See ! Pyrrhus comes,
Reeking with blood of Priam and his race,
Who killed the son and doubly killed the sire,
Stabbed at the altar’s foot beside his child.
For this, dear Goddess-mother, didst thou shield
From steel and flame thy hardly-rescued son,
That murderous foes should riot in his halls,
Wife, father, child before his eyes despatched,
Sink in one bloody grave ? To arms, brave friends,
To arms, and charge the conquering Greeks once more !
Be death our portion—one at least will die 741
Not unavenged !” Once more I grasp my sword,
Adjust my shield, and gird me for the fight,
But ere I passed the gate Creusa knelt,
Ascanius in her arms, and clasped my feet.
“If death you seek,” she cried, “why leave us here ?
The doom you meet be ours ! If yet you trust
In spear and shield, remain and guard your home.
Bethink thee, O my husband, of the fate
Thy loved ones must endure, of thee bereaved.” 750
She wept and filled the mansion with her shrieks.
‘But now a wondrous prodigy appears :
E’en as between our arms Ascanius lay,
A slender shaft of flame from his fair head
Spontaneous rose, glowed ’mid his waving locks
With harmless sheen, and round his temples played.
Scared at the sight we grasp the sparkling hair,
And strive to quench the flame ; of wiser mind

Nam quod consilium aut quae iam fortuna dabatur ?
 Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto
 Sperasti, tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore ?
 Si nihil ex tanta Superis placet urbe relinqui,
 Et sedet hoc animo, perituraeque addere Troiae 660
 Teque tuosque iuvat, patet isti ianua leto,
 Iamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus,
 Gnatum ante ora patris, patrem qui obruncat ad aras.
 Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignes
 Eripis, ut mediis hostem in penetralibus, utque
 Ascanium patremque meum iuxtaque Creusam
 Alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam ?
 Arma, viri, ferte arma ; vocat lux ultima victos.
 Reddite me Danais ; sinite instaurata revisam
 Proelia. Numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti. 670

Hinc ferro accingor rursus clipeoque sinistram
 Insertabam aptans meque extra tecta ferebam.
 Ecce autem complexa pedes in limine coniunx
 Haerebat, parvumque patri tendebat Iulum :
 Si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum ;
 Sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis,
 Hanc primum tutare domum. Cui parvus Iulus,
 Cui pater et coniunx quondam tua dicta relinquo ?

Talia vociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat,
 Cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum. 680
 Namque manus inter maestorumque ora parentum
 Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
 Fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia molles
 Lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci.
 Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem

My sire with outstretched arms appeals to Heaven.
“Great Jove! if mortal prayers can reach thine ear, 760
Regard thy suppliants now, to pious hearts
Lend succour and confirm th’ auspicious sign!”
Scarce ceased his prayer, when from the side of Heaven
Whence happiest omens come, loud thunder pealed—
Then darted down a solitary star,
Trailing a stream of light athwart the gloom :
We marked its course : right o’er our palace roof
It seemed to glide, then sank in Ida’s woods,
Graving its fiery track adown the sky ;
While all the air a sulphurous vapour filled. 770
Instant the old man rose, the mystic star
Adored, and bowed submission : “On,” he said ;
“No more I bid you linger: let us go !
Ye Gods of Ilium! guard our ancient house
And this its youthful heir : from you the sign
Propitious came ; whate’er remains of Troy
By your protection lives. Go now, my son,
Where’er you lead I follow.” As he spoke
Near and more near the burning city’s crash
Smote on our ears, more scorching grew the blast. 780
“Now, father, on my shoulders mount,” I cried ;
“These arms shall bear thee well, nor grudge their load ;
Let both one peril face, whate’er befall,
Or one deliverance share : with me shall walk
Ascanius hand in hand ; my wife behind
Keep the same track and mark our footsteps well.
And ye, my followers, this instruction heed—
Beyond the ramparts, on a slope retired
An unfrequented fane of Ceres stands,
An ancient cypress near, for many an age 790
In reverence held by our religious sires ;
There will we muster our collected bands.
Thou, reverend father, bear our household Gods,

Excutere et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes.
 At pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus
 Extulit, et caelo palmas cum voce tetendit :
 Iuppiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis,
 Aspice nos ; hoc tantum ; et, si pietate meremur, 690
 Da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omina firma.
 Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
 Intonuit laevum, et de caelo lapsa per umbras
 Stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.
 Illam, summa super labentem culmina tecti,
 Cernimus Idaea claram se condere silva
 Signantemque vias ; tum longo limite sulcus
 Dat lucem, et late circum loca sulfure fumant.
 Hic vero victus genitor se tollit ad auras,
 Adfaturque deos et sanctum sidus adorat. 700
 Iam iam nulla mora est ; sequor, et, qua ducitis, adsum.
 Di patrii, servate domum, servate nepotem.
 Vestrum hoc augurium, vestroque in numine Troia est.
 Cedo equidem, nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.

Dixerat ille ; et iam per moenia clarior ignis
 Auditur, propiusque aestus incendia volvunt.
 Ergo age, care pater, cervici inponere nostrae ;
 Ipse subibo humeris, nec me labor iste gravabit ;
 Quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periculum,
 Una salus ambobus erit. Mihi parvus Iulus 710
 Sit comes, et longe servet vestigia coniunx.
 Vos, famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite vestris.
 Est urbe egressis tumulus templumque vetustum
 Desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus
 Religione patrum multos servata per annos.
 Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam.
 Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque Penates ;

These hallowed emblems brook not touch of hands
With battle soiled, unpurged by flowing stream."

'Clothed with a tawny lion's mantling hide,
My shoulders now receive their honoured load ;
Beside me, pacing with unequal steps,
Ascanius twined his little hand in mine :
Last came my wife. Through darkling ways we stole, 800
And I who late 'mid iron shower of darts
Had known no fear, nor blenched at Grecian lines
Advancing to the charge, now coward made
By helpless burthens, quake at every gale
And think each sound a foe. At length we reached
The gates and deemed our perils well-nigh past,
When sudden tramp of warriors' feet drew near.
Anchises, peering through the gloom, exclaims—
"Haste, haste, my son ! the foe ! they come, they come !
I see their burnished helms and glittering shields." 810
Then did some power malign my ^{few} ~~winded~~ brain
Whelm in confusion : as we travelled on
By unfrequented paths and by-ways dim,
Creusa, snatched by ruthless Fate, was gone—
How lost I never knew ; if spent with toil
She paused to rest, or wandered from the way :—
Never in life these eyes beheld her more :
Nor marked I what befell, nor knew we yet,
Sire, husband, child, th' irreparable loss,
Till halting for awhile by Ceres' fane 820
Our little band we numbered—one was gone.
Frantic with grief I railed on Gods and men,
And deemed my country's woes surpassed by mine.
With trusty friends in sheltering cave I leave
My child, Anchises, and the Gods of Troy ;
Then, armed for fight, again I scour the town
Reckless of life, and tempt my fate once more.

Me, bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti,
 Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo
 Abluero.

720

Haec fatus, latos humeros subiectaque colla
 Vestē super fulvique insternor pelle leonis,
 Succedoque oneri; dextrae se parvus Iulus
 Implicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis;
 Pone subit coniunx. Ferimur per opaca locorum;
 Et me, quem dudum non ulla iniecta movebant
 Tela neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii,
 Nunc omnes terrent aerae, sonus excitat omnis
 Suspensum et pariter comitique onerique timentem.

Iamque propinquabam portis, omnemque videbar
 Evasisse viam, subito cum creber ad aures
 Visus adesse pedum sonitus, genitorque per umbram
 Prospiciens, Nate, exclamat, fuge, nate; propinquant.
 Ardentes clipeos atque aera micantia cerno.

730

Hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum
 Confusam eripuit mentem. Namque avia cursu
 Dum sequor et nota excedo regione viarum,
 Heu! misero coniunx fatone erepta Creusa
 Substitit, erravitne via, seu lassa resedit,
 Incertum; nec post oculis est reddita nostris.
 Nec prius amissam respexi animumque reflexi,
 Quam tumulum antiquae Cereris sedemque sacratam
 Venimus; hic demum collectis omnibus una
 Defuit, et comites natumque virumque fefellit.
 Quem non incusavi amens hominumque deorumque,
 Aut quid in eversa vidi crudelius urbe?

740

Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque Penates
 Commendo sociis et curva valle recondo;
 Ipse urbem repeto et cingor fulgentibus armis.
 Stat casus renovare omnes, omnemque reverti
 Per Troiam, et rursus caput obiectare periclis.

750

‘ Retracing step by step our devious track,
By wall and gate I searched each dark recess :
The stillness as of death appalled my soul : 830
Then homeward I returned, if haply there
The wanderer’s steps had borne her—ere I came
The Greek had forced the gates and ravaged all.
E’en now the mantling flames, by night wind fanned,
Climbed o’er the roof : the air like furnace glowed.
To Priam’s mansion next I bent my way :
There in the vacant courts by Juno’s shrine
Phœnix and stern Ulysses watched the spoil,
Dread sentinels ! I saw the wealth of Troy
Piled in promiscuous heaps, embroidered vests, 840
Beakers of massive gold, the treasured hoards
Of altars spoiled : hard by, a fettered line
Of boys and matrons wailed, the conquerors’ prize.
Nor feared I, through th’ unpeopled streets, to shout
Aloud to her I sought, till far and near
The walls re-echoed with Creusa’s name.
Yet fruitless still my wild distracted search
Through all the city made, when suddenly
The very counterpart of that dear form,
Fair as in life, yet statelier (as it seemed), 850
Burst on my ravished sight. I stood aghast,
Entranced by fear. With soothing tones she spoke :
“ Yield not, dear husband mine, to senseless grief ;
’Tis Heaven’s decree we part, nor wills great Jove
Together we should cross the azure main.
Long wanderings must be thine by land and sea,
Long exile, crowned at last with blissful end
In that Hesperian land where Tiber laves
His blooming plains : there shalt thou find repose,
A destined kingdom and a royal bride. 860
Mourn not Creusa ! no proud Myrmidon
Shall call me slave, no Grecian dame assign

Principio muros obscuraque limina portae,
 Qua gressum extuleram, repeto, et vestigia retro
 Observata sequor per noctem et lumine lustro.
 Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.
 Inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset,
 Me refero. Inruerant Danaï, et tectum omne tenebant.
 Illicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia vento
 Volvitur; exsuperant flammae, furit aestus ad auras.
 Procedo et Priami sedes arcemque reviso. 760
 Et iam porticibus vacuis Iunonis asylo
 Custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulixes
 Praedam adservabant. Huc undique Troia gaza
 Incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum,
 Crateresque auro solidi, captivaeque vestis
 Congeritur. Pueri et pavidæ longo ordine matres
 Stant circum.
 Ausus quin etiam voces iactare per umbram
 Inplevi clamore vias, maestusque Creusam
 Nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque vocavi. 770
 Quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine furenti
 Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae
 Visa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago.
 Obstupui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit.
 Tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis:
 Quid tantum insano iuvat indulgere dolori,
 O dulcis coniunx? non haec sine numine divom
 Eveniunt; nec te hinc comitem asportare Creusam
 Fas aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi.
 Longa tibi exsilia, et vastum maris aequor arandum, 780
 Ad terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva
 Inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Thybris:
 Illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx
 Parta tibi. Lacrimas dilectae pelle Creusae:
 Non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumve superbas
 Aspiciam, aut Graiis servitum matribus ibo,

To menial tasks, whom Venus daughter owns,
A Dardan princess born ! But now, farewell,
The Mother of th' Immortals claims my vow :
Cherish our much-loved child—once more, farewell.”
She spoke, and, as I wept and strove to frame
The words that crowded to my lips, was gone—
Thrice round what seemed her neck my arms were flung,
Thrice had the dear illusion mocked my grasp, 870
Fleet as the wind and transient as a dream !

‘ Now, as the night was waning, I rejoined
My comrades, and perceived our slender band
Swelled to a host, from every side convened :
Wond’ring I viewed the mingled group forlorn :
Matrons and youths were there, and stalwart men,
For exile all prepared, with me to seek
New homes beyond the sea. O’er Ida’s height
Now rose the morning star, day’s harbinger :
No refuge else remained—at every post 880
The Greeks kept watch and ward ;—to fate resigned
Once more I stooped my shoulders to receive
My helpless sire, then climbed the mountain’s side.’

Dardanis, et divae Veneris nurus ;
Sed me magna deum Genetrix his detinet oris.
Iamque vale, et nati serva communis amorem.
Haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa volentem 790
Dicere deseruit, tenuesque recessit in auras.
Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum :
Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

Sic demum socios consumpta nocte reviso.
Atque hic ingentem comitum adfluxisse novorum
Invenio admirans numerum, matresque, virosque,
Collectam exsilio pubem, miserabile vulgus.
Undique convenere, animis opibusque parati,
In quascumque velim pelago deducere terras. 800
Iamque iugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae
Ducebatque diem, Danaique obsessa tenebant
Limina portarum, nec spes opis ulla dabatur ;
Cessi et sublato montes genitore petivi.



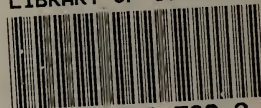
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